The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXII. BOSTON, OCTOBER 26, 1872. NO. 26.

For the Myrtle.

Wishes.

I WISH I had a pretty boat,
Said little Will one day,
"I'd step into my pretty boat,
And sail far, far away."

"I wish I had a little horse,"
Said Dick, the eight year old,
"And on his back I'd ride abroad,
So gallant and so bold."

"I wish I were a *great, big man*,"
Said Tom; "for then, you know,
"I'd have the boat and pony too,
And where I pleased could go."

M. C. Schouler.

Jimmy.

JIMMY and I are fellows for play!
Never tired of it, rain or shine!
Jimmy was six the last birthday,
While I was only—sixty-nine!

So little master Common-sense
Gives himself superior airs,
Guiding my experience
By the wisdom under his own white hairs.

Sometimes it happens the hoary sage—
Over-anxious for Number One—
Turns to account my tender age,
And I am most atrociously "done."

No matter how it may chance to be,
Jimmy's argument never fails;
The copper is always wrong for me,
And Jimmy is winner, heads or tails.

Well, I have lived to be boy and man,
Dad and grandad, and yet, I vow,
Never was in my threescore and ten
Half so sharp as Jimmy is now!

And sadly the question bothers me,
As I stoop in my play to look at him—
What will the twentieth century be,
If the nineteenth's youngsters are all like Jim?

Dykie Vane.

A STORY IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

I.

"WHO has lost a handkerchief?" asked the teacher, holding up a bit of linen for the inspection of her pupils.

Forty-eight little hands were thrust into forty-eight pockets on a tour of inspection, and the vague expression on forty-eight little faces turned to a look of satisfaction as the hands were withdrawn, having found handkerchiefs in their proper places. There were fifty scholars, and two pair of hands had not joined that movement of investigation. One belonged to Kittie Ray, the banker's daughter; a dainty, embroidered affair lay on her desk, and she glanced at the grimy thing held by the teacher with an air of scorn. The other pair belonged to the dirty-faced, ragged, black-eyed boy in the corner, who never had a handkerchief in his life, whose mother could hardly buy him necessary clothes, and who considered himself particularly fortunate in being allowed to attend school one term, instead of crying "Herald, five o'clock" in the streets. Still, in spite of his misfortunes, Dykie Vane had an ambition, a high ambition. His friend Tom wanted to be a sailor, his aunt Mary aspired to become a pastry cook, but Dyke wished to be a *gentleman*. How to commence his career he did not know, but when Miss Brown held up that handkerchief—though she did it in rather a con-

temptuous manner, pinching the least bit of one corner between her thumb and forefinger,—Dyke conceived the idea that the possession of that handkerchief would be a long stride toward gentlemanliness. Consequently, when Miss Brown turned to place the article on her desk to await further developments concerning its owner, she saw a dirty little paw stuck up from Dykie's corner.

"Why Dyke!" said she, "is it yours?"

"No marm," replied he, "but I see the man that dropped it and my mother washes for him, so I can take it home when it has been washed again."

Dykie certainly did not "see the man who dropped it" and Miss Brown might have known it had she stopped to remember that Dyke had been detained in the house that recess, but she was too glad to get rid of the dirty article to care where it went; so it was transferred to Dykie's pocket and crammed in between a doughnut and a piece of shingle, which, because he had whittled it to an oval form, Dyke firmly believed to be a boat of the "Great Eastern" order.

So excited was the boy by the possession of this germ of future greatness that he really could not remember whether, if oats cost forty cents a bushel, two bushels would cost twenty or eighty cents; multiplying and dividing being strangely confused in his ambitious mind. So his hand was spatted with a ruler by the vindictive Miss Brown, and school was dismissed.

Dykie had a place of refuge from earthly cares and ills, which was an old shed partly filled with timber. A heavy beam projected from the pile and formed a comfortable seat for Dykie where no one could see him. Here he was wont to retire for the purpose of building air-castles, or studying his lessons, or avoiding the fuss and soapsuds at home. To this place the boy now came, as fast as his two feet could carry him, and taking his treasure from his pocket proceeded to examine it minutely. It had been trampled in the mud and run over by cart wheels until one could hardly tell whether it was a handkerchief or not, but Dykie's sharp eyes soon discovered what had escaped Miss Brown's nearsightedness—it was hem-stitched and, though this made no difference to him, of the finest linen.

"Oh!" thought he, "I'll wash it and iron it and fold it up, then I'll shake it out the way James Montague does and draw it across my mouth this way,' suiting the action to the words; "wave it to my friends like this, and tuck it into my pocket leaving one corner out as Lawyer Badger does. Now I'll eat my dinner and go home, and if marm isn't there, I'll have the dirt out of this in a jiffy.'

The doughnut was soon dispatched, and shortly after Dykie entered the dirty hut he called home by means of a back window, as his mother was out and the door was locked. He knew how to wash and iron, had often assisted his mother to do both, so as there was hot water on the stove, Dykie went to work and soon the handkerchief was greatly improved, though it must be boiled to give it the whiteness necessary to keep up with his ambition.

The big tin boiler was on the floor by the sink, but he could not lift it upon the stove, and it was too large to boil one little handkerchief in. "I'll boil it in the teakettle!" he exclaimed as that article met his eye, steaming away on the front griddle.

Dykie proceeded to wring the handkerchief and shake it out, as his mother had taught him to do, when he suddenly discovered something else which had escaped Miss Brown's eyes,—a name delicately written in indelible ink, a name and something else. Dyke could not read writing very well, but by dint of hard study he managed to make it out.

"W-a-l-t-e-r G-r-a-v-e-s f-r-o-m E-f-f-i-e."

Dykie gave vent to a prolonged whistle. "Walter Graves from Effie. Humph!" and he slowly dropped the handkerchief into the teakettle, then seated himself by the window to think.

Walter Graves' handkerchief! Dykie knew who Walter Graves was, well enough; everybody knew Walter Graves. He was the handsomest, best, jolliest young man in the city. Dyke had seen him and talked with him, that, too, in Walter's own house! Dyke never would forget it in the world. This is the way it happened.

Mrs. Vane did really wash for him,—he told the truth to Miss Brown in that respect—and Dykie often carried home the clean clothes. One day the servant said to him, "Mr. Walter said you was to come up and he would pay ye his self." So he followed her up the long stairs and tapped at the door she pointed out.

"Come in," said a voice, and he had entered Master Walter's own room!

How plainly it was before him now, that elegant room with its handsomely carved furniture,

its heavy curtains, its pictures, the little bronze clock on the mantel, the inlaid dressing-case on the bureau, and the silken coverlet on the bed. How soft and warm the carpet felt to his bare feet, for it was bitter weather, and how brightly the sunlight streamed in at the window! Could he ever forget it?

In a luxurious easy chair before the grate sat Mr. Walter, and by his side on a tiny table stood a dainty breakfast. When the little boy came in, and Walter saw how cold and hungry he looked, he invited him to sit in that same sleepy-hollow chair and asked him many questions about himself and his parents, then at last sent him away warm, fed, and with a pair of stockings and shoes that kept his feet warm all winter. It was in that room that Dyke's resolve to be a gentleman was first formed. It had seemed a perfect heaven to the poor boy, and now to have a room, a fire, a dressing-gown and an easy chair like Walter's was the height of Dyke's ambition.

He knew who Effie was, also, for over the mantel in that pretty room hung a picture which was more beautiful than anything Dyke had ever seen —the portrait of a laughing girl, tender, sweet and winning. Walter noticed his earnest gaze at the picture, and asked,

"Is it pretty?"

"Is it an angel?" exclaimed Dyke, almost breathless with wonder, pleasure and awe.

Walter blushed just a little as he replied,

"No, it is a young lady who lives in an adjoining town. Her name is Effie."

So this was Walter Graves' handkerchief that he had sto—got, and one given him by Miss Effie. Dykie thought it all over while waiting for the handkerchief to boil. The clock striking five terminated his reverie, for his mother would soon return; so Dyke got a fork and fished the handkerchief out of the teakettle, and running to his old shed hung it on a nail to dry.

He was not feeling quite as jubilant as when he first brought his new possession to the shed. Thought he would go "up street" to see what was going on. He sauntered along through the poor locality where he lived, and out on the broad main street. Every one he met had a handkerchief. Some were held in their owner's hands, some stuck out of their owner's pockets, some were not visible at all, but were there somewhere nevertheless.

"Halloa, Dyke! hold my horse a few minutes, please."

And there, just reining up to the sidewalk, was a light carriage, Walter Graves holding the lines, and by his side Effie, the very face he saw in the picture, golden curls, beaming blue eyes, and sunny smile. A jaunty hat with streaming feather crowned the ringlets, and a blue velvet sacque was thrown carelessly over her shoulders.

"What a little boy to hold so big a horse!" said she merrily, as assisted by Walter she sprang lightly to the ground. They entered a store, and after an absence of several minutes returned with several bundles and packages. Opening one of these, Miss Effie handed Dyke all the candy her little fist could contain, and thanked him for holding the horse with a bright smile.

The carriage rolled swiftly down the street and Dyke stood watching the floating feather until out of sight, hardly conscious of the silver dime Walter had put in his hand. Finally he slowly walked back to his shed, where, sitting on his favorite seat, he meditated until darkness warned him to go home.

Mrs. Vane ironed as usual that evening, and seizing an opportunity when she was out of the room on some errand, Dyke accomplished his ironing in an incredibly short space of time, and considering the circumstances the handkerchief looked remarkably well, though there was a little stain of iron rust in one corner where it had hung on the nail.

The next morning before school Dykie took his handkerchief and started off in the direction of Mr. Graves' house, stopping on the way to spend half his dime for a daisy, which he bought of the little flower girl on the corner.

Eva Miller.

How to Enhance Personal Beauty.

How to be beautiful when old?
I can tell you, maiden fair —
Not by lotions, dyes, and pigments,
Not by washes for your hair.

While you're young be pure and gentle,
Keep your passions well controlled.
Walk, work, and do your duty,
You'll be handsome when you're old.

Some white locks are fair as golden,
Gray as lovely as the brown;
And the smile of age more pleasant
Than a youthful beauty's frown.

Tis the soul that shapes the features,
Fires the eye, attunes the voice;
Sweet sixteen, be these your maxims,
When you're sixty you'll rejoice.

For the Myrtle.

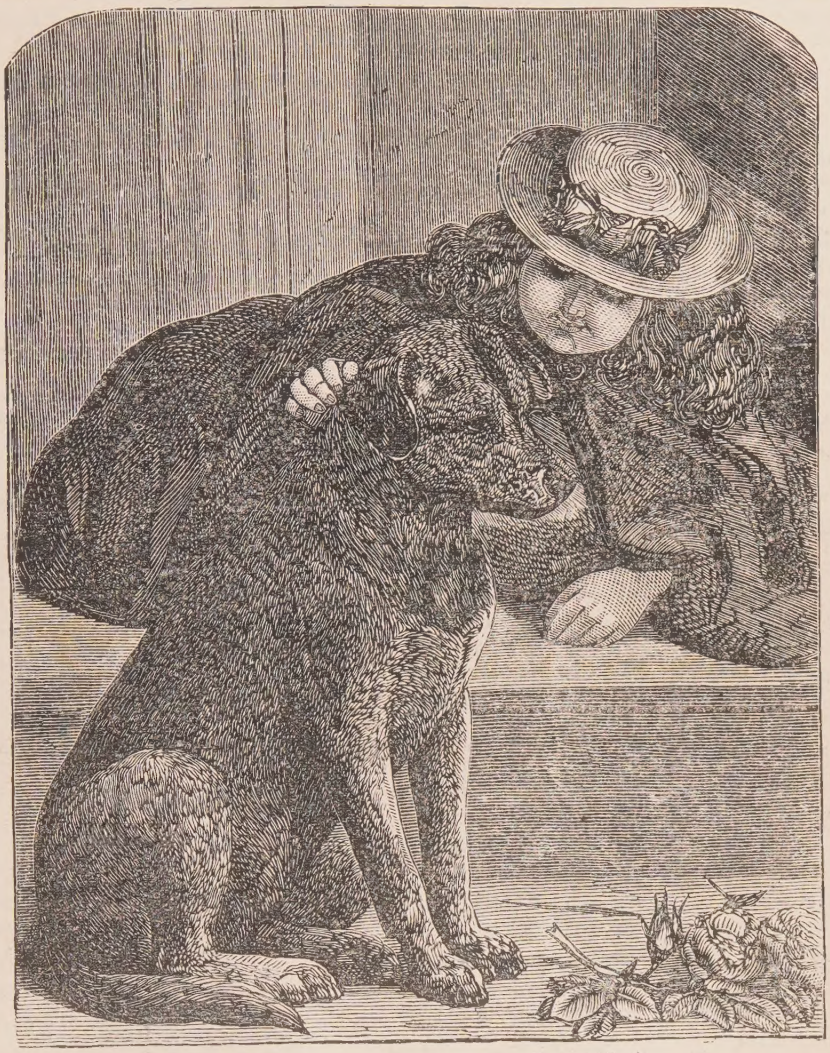
Recovery from Sickness.

THESE eyes that were half-closed in death
Now bear the sun's bright blaze;
This voice that scarce could speak my wants
Now sings my Father's praise.

How warm the sun, how bright the day,
How fresh and sweet the breeze;
How pleasant is the far blue sky,
How fair the flowers and trees!

Yet dearer still the loving hands
That soothed my pillow's pain,
The care that cheers my languid hours
And makes me well again.

My Father dear! in these delights
I see thy goodness shine;
'Tis thou hast given back my life,
Help me to make it thine.



For the Myrtle.

Blanco.

OLD dog Blanco is very large, and has a very intelligent look in his face. Most little folks and some large ones are afraid of him, till they make his acquaintance, when they find him very agreeable. They know, too, he must do some knowing things by his looks, and are always glad to hear stories about him. This is one true story.

At one time there was a little black and tan terrier that used to pass the house every day, and he would snap and bark at Blanco and worry him very much. But as he was not allowed out of the yard, and the little one took care not to go in, he could not do anything about it but to bear it with the best grace possible as most people do their grievances.

This went on for awhile, and it seemed as if Blanco had forgotten all about it, so his master did not watch him as much and allowed him to lay on the front steps. But one day as he lay quietly napping, a cart came along on which was the little terrier. It stopped in front of the back yard, and the driver went out of sight and left them. Blanco through his winking and blinking saw it all, and thinking this a nice time to punish the little fellow, he leaped over the fence, caught

the little one by the neck as a cat does a kitten, and over the fence he flew for the stable, where he was handling him rather roughly and would have shaken the breath out of him shortly, had not the terrier's howls brought the master and family to the rescue.

It was a hard matter to make Blanco let him go, but with the aid of the collar which he always wears they succeeded; and now when we speak of it to him he will just smack his jaws together and look so knowing at us, that we are sure he understands it all. *Mrs. Stockwell.*

Look out for Number One.

WE hear this saying sometimes, "Look out for number one." It means, take care of yourself whatever may become of others. It is a selfish saying, and does not agree with the kind and generous spirit of the religion of Jesus.

There is a sense, however, in which it may properly be used. We should look out for ourselves especially in striving to form our characters, and in giving our good examples to others. We must be careful that we are right in order to be right with others, and to do rightly towards them. But we are to keep constantly in mind the fact that we are living not chiefly to ourselves, or for ourselves. "For none of us liveth to himself." This is what the New Testament teaches us. The religion of Jesus is not a selfish religion. It instructs us to live for others, to do good to them as we have opportunity. So Jesus lived. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. He came to give himself for the blessing of others. They who would live as he lived will have something better to do than to be all the time looking out "for number one." They will want to do as much for others as it is in their power to do. Young reader, beware of selfishness; live for your fellow creatures. Some poet has truly written:

"For only he whom God forsakes
Looks out for number one."

WE remember, while attending Sunday School, of listening to a beautiful thought, expressed by a mere child. The teacher of the class asked, "What is ice?" From some of them came the simple answer, "frozen water," but one little girl said it was "water gone to sleep." Can we conceive a thought more beautiful and expressive?

A Word for the Children.

CHILDREN, make your mother happy,
Make her sing instead of sigh;
For the mournful hour of parting
May be very, very nigh.

Children, make your mother happy,
Many griefs she has to bear;
And she wearies 'neath her burdens —
Can you not those burdens share?

Children, make your mother happy,
Prompt obedience cheers the heart,
While a wilful disobedience
Pierces like a poisoned dart.

Children, make your mother happy;
On her brow the lines of care
Deepen daily—don't you see them?—
While your own are smooth and fair.

Children, make your mother happy;
For beneath the coffin-lid
All too soon her face, so saint-like,
Shall forevermore be hid

Bitter tears and self-upbraidings
Cannot bring her back again;
And remorseful memories
Are a legacy of pain.

Oh, begin to-day, dear children,
Listen when dear mother speaks;
Render quick and sweet obedience,
For your highest good she seeks —

Loves you better than all others—
For your sake herself denies;
She is patient, prayerful, tender,
Gentle, thoughtful, true and wise.

Never, while you live, dear children,
Though you search the rounded earth,
Will you find a friend more faithful
Than the one who gave you birth.

—*Christian Observer.*

Faith.

IN the gloaming, when my darlings,
In their dainty robes of white,
By the mother's knee have murmured,
"Jesus, keep us through the night."

To their little crib, white curtained,
Where the upper shadows fall,
Nestled in my arms, I take them
Through the long unlighted hall.

Swift, in rayless silence, round us
Close the deepening shades of night;
"Dark!" my blue-eyed Bertie whispers,
Half in awe and half in fright.

"Dark!" the baby brother echoes,
With a hush upon his glee;
Then my Bertie, nestling nearer,
Whispers softly, "Papa see."

Blessed, blessed faith of childhood!
Father grant this faith to me;
Dark the shadows round me gather,
But I know that Thou dost see.

Our Sunday Schools.

OHIO

—It seems that at Rochester, Ohio, they have a monthly report from the Secretary of the School read at the monthly concert. A friend sends us the report for September, as follows:

"Punctuality is everywhere necessary to success, and in this Sabbath School this is really a no iceable virtue. We have 64 members. Our average attendance for the month has been 57. But to show that this credit is chiefly due to the children we must say that of the 27 members of the juvenile classes, the average attendance is 25. If one of our children is absent we are quite sure there is sickness in our midst. The number of verses repeated during the month is 1245, making an average of 299 each Sabbath. When calling for this report, our superintendent said, 'Don't be personal, give only a general report.' So I suppose we must obey our superiors and not disclose the name of the child that has repeated 225 verses since our last concert. Nor of the little one only six years old that has learned 45, however much as our hearts swell with pride at the very thought. Well, perhaps he is right May be it would be unjust, for what means have we of knowing that the little one that comes with its single verse each Sabbath has not earned an equal mead of praise as honestly as the one the world extols? The Lord alone knoweth the heart, and can judge who is the faithful steward—who best improves the talents they possess. 'One star differeth from another star.'"

We think the good superintendent is quite right in that matter of personalities. Nor do we think it wise to praise children overmuch or stimulate them unduly in merely *memorizing* the words of scripture. The memory is not the highest faculty; and it is a great misfortune to a child to be so one-sided in its development that its faculties all run to memory. One verse properly explained and thoroughly understood, made interesting and instructive, may do more good than a thousand iust learned parrot-like in words, and presenting no idea whatever to the mind. The Bible learned in this way is likely to become a task-book, its beautiful truths lost sight of in words the child cannot yet comprehend.

The Best of All.

There is no religion like that taught by Jesus Christ. We remember an incident which once took place in the Seaman's Church in this city, where Father Taylor used to preach. There was an honest Portuguese sailor present there one evening. He was a Christian man, and when he addressed the assembly he was very earnest in his speaking. But he was not very well acquainted with our language, and blundered somewhat strangely in trying to speak it. He wanted to tell in the strongest words he could use, how good the religion of Jesus was to him. But he could make himself understood only in these words which he spoke with his whole heart in them:—"My dear friends, I tell you there is nothing like it!" He could not have said more. This was a great speech, an eloquent one; it was the eloquence of truth. There is nothing so good as the religion of Jesus. It was so good to the great apostle Paul, that he said, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of Christ Jesus my Lord." The humble sailor felt the same as Paul. There is nothing like the religion of Christ for everybody under the heavens.

The Bible a Defence.

When, some years ago, a company of Pennsylvania soldiers was attacked by a Baltimore mob, a fearful onset was made upon one man in the ranks by the rioters. He was three times wounded by the thrusts of bowie knives, though not mortally. A fourth thrust was made by a powerful arm, driving a huge knife directly at his heart. Over that heart lay a Bible, which the pious soldier had stowed away in his breast coat pocket on leaving home, determined to carry it there through the campaign when not used for reading. The point of the knife was driven two-thirds through the Bible. Before another blow could be struck, he was able somehow to make his escape. Thus the Bible, which he was determined to make the man of his counsel, proved his shield and salvation in the day of battle. And it will prove so to many others, if they take it for their counsellor. It will save them from wrong habits and sins which are worse than any bowie knives or bullets can be.

Birds' Praise Meeting.

A little irl who had just started to go to a morning prayer meeting, was asked by another of the family where she was going so early. "To the prayer meeting," was the answer. "And what need is there of holding the meeting so early?" said the other. "Why," answered the little girl, "it's not so early as the birdies have theirs; and oh, they praise God so!" These praise meetings are held on glorious summer mornings all over our land wherever the birds congregate, in city and in country, in thickly populated or in solitary places, and no songs of human voices are sweeter or more jubilant than theirs. Whenever we hear them let our hearts be grateful to the gracious Creator who makes them so happy and whose praises they proclaim.

Preaching and Living.

Good preaching is of great importance, but good living is better. The religion of Jesus is to be preached and lived. To preach the gospel is to preach the love of God to all men in Jesus Christ his son To live the gospel is to imitate God in being and doing good. God not only speaks goodness to us, but he is constantly living it. He "is good unto all." Jesus not only preached goodness, but he went about doing good. That was better, even, than his preaching.

"In every act, in every thought,
He lived the doctrine that he taught."

Let us all try to be preachers of God's goodness by working out his goodness in our own lives.

Guard the Tongue.

The tongue is a very little member, but it boasts great things. So says the Bible. The tongue can do much good or much evil. A world of iniquity is in a wrong or evil tongue. It may, though itself a little spark, kindle a great fire. Evil communications are corrupting. Bad words call out bad words, as mould and corruption will increase little by little. We need to set a watch over our tongue that it speaks no guile; and if any have evil tongues, they ought to know that the cure of them begins at the heart. Bishop Leighton says, "The wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion."

——President Tyler once, at one of his state dinners, exhibited a bottle of wine four hundred years old. A city editor on hearing of it said, "Our former mayor, Aaron Clark, shows on his dinner table every day a pitcher of drink six thousand years old Mr. Tyler's wine was made by man; Aaron's wine was distilled by the Almighty. Which, reader, would you choose? We go in for antiquity." Right!

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON CIX.

JESUS FORETELLS HIS DESERTION BY HIS DISCIPLES.

"Yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

SCRIPTURE, — Math. xxvi. 31–35. Mark xiv. 27–31. Luke xxii. 31–34. John xiii. 36–38.

Question. — What did Jesus say would soon happen to his intimate disciples?

Answer. — Math. xxvi. 31.

NOTE. The better rendering for "offended" would be stumble. They would be so surprised and affrighted at what would happen to Jesus that they would forsake him.

Q. — Why would they stumble?

A. — Math xxvi. 31.

Q. — What did Peter immediately say?

A. — Math. xxvi. 33.

Q. — What did Jesus assure him he would do?

A. — Math. xxvi. 34

NOTE. He was to do this before three o'clock in the morning. Cock crowing was from twelve to three in the latter part of the night.

Q. — What did Peter assert in stronger language?

A. — Math. xxvi. 35.

Q. — What did the other disciples say?

A. — Math. xxvi. 35.

Q. — What did Jesus say to Peter of his trial?

A. — Luke xxii. 31.

NOTE. As was remarked in the previous lesson, anything was a satan which opposed in any way. But it seems that Peter was to be delivered over to his opposing feelings and conduct, not to destroy him but to save him—to winnow him to get the chaff out of him. There are some interesting scriptures upon this point, in I. Cor. v. 5 and I. Tim. i. 20.

Q. — What was Jesus' prayer for Peter when his trial should come?

A. — Luke xxii. 32.

Q. — What did he tell Peter to do after Satan had done the work in him?

A. — Luke xxii. 32.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1.

I am composed of 38 letters.
My 15, 2, 34, 18, is sometimes a relative pronoun.
My 38, 36, 37, is the abode of wild beasts.
My 3, 13, 35, 17, 31, 12, 20, 6, 21, 4, is one who contends with another.
My 14, 9, 19, 37, 1, 29, 25, 30, is a large woman.
My 28, 26, 3, 18. 4, 33, 32, is to soothe with praise.
My 5, 8, 19, 35. 16, 23, 24, is the hide of animals.
My 7, 11, 27, 29, 10, is the plural of an insect.
My 22 is not found in French.
My whole is a quotation from Young.

Bessie Putnam.

Enigma No. 2.

My first, to those who lack and ask,
By God is given;
My second to the wilderness
Long since was driven.

My third, afar from Syria,
To Canaan went;
My fourth was built by Moses' hand,
A sacred tent.

My fifth, a well by Isaac dug,
In Gerar's plain;
My sixth wept for her little ones,
By Herod slain.

Questions.

Who was the first husband of Bathsheba?
Who was the wife of Joseph and daughter of Potiphar?

Answers.

OCT. 19. No. 1, Jehoshaphat. No. 2, Remember Lot's wife.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,

37 Cornhill, Boston.

BENTON SMITH, Agent.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, 75 cents per year.
Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names*, to one address, 50 cents each per year.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The printed date upon each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands, and none need expect it continued beyond the term paid for.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address "Universalist Publishing House,"
37 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.